men will not fight and die; at best, only gratefully seize an opportunity, if one offers, to give up the ghost. The Kingdom of Heaven on Earth cannot be defended, whatever wealth may be expended on its defence; whatever garrison may be recruited, armaments manufactured, deadly weapons devised, allies acquired, provisions accumulated. It is not worth defending.

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In time, even, the Munich Agreement was largely forgotten; the last tear shed, righteous indignation all expended, flood of books reduced to a small trickle, Czechoslovakia's Fallen Bastions taken as fallen, mourners, after the requisite forty days and forty nights of wailing and gnashing of teeth, departed and gone. After all, nothing had happened; things were as they had been before, with trams still running, money still circulating, glamour girls still glamorous. How foolish had been all those woeful predictions and catastrophic anticipations. Lord Runciman decided that circumstances warranted bis taking a recuperative cruise; Sir Samuel Hoare wagged an admonitory finger at jitterbugs always expecting trouble which never came; diplomatic correspondents were reassuring, and *Punch* produced a cartoon of John Bull comfortably stretching himself murmuring, as *War Scare' flew out of the window, 'Thank God that's gone/ Confidence returned—like a bankrupt who has cashed a cheque which he knows cannot be met; lived in hourly expectation of having it returned, awaited each post with beating heart, and then, when his fears are unrealised, gradually

become confident that they never will be realised.

Recovered equanimity was rudely shattered when German troops marched into Prague and took possession, of what remained of Czechoslovakia; promised guarantee of this remainder, inoperative; placidity of Lord Runciman's cruise not up to expectations, and Sir Samuel Hoare, rather than jitterbugs, discomfited. Hitherto, Hitler's efforts had been directed towards recovering lost German populations; if his aggressive intentions